

Helpless Ten Weeks

"I was attacked with acute rheumatism and was laid up in the house ten weeks. My right arm was withered away to skin and bone and I had almost lost the use of it. A friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and by the time the first bottle was used I was feeling a little better. I could see and feel a great change. The flesh was returning to my arm and the soreness was leaving my body and limbs. Every spring and fall since we have used three to six bottles in our family. I find to use Hood's Sarsaparilla is cheaper than to pay doctor's bills."

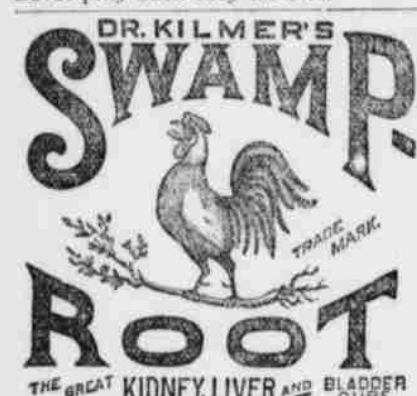
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I am thankful that I have found a medicine which will help a man who has rheumatism. It keeps me in good health. RICHARD FORRESTALL, Osburn, Iowa.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

SO SAGES SAY.

Don't speak impatiently to children. The feet of truth are slow, but they never slip. Anybody can go to heaven—on a tombstone. The man who loves his duty will not slight it. Don't go where you would not be willing to die. Don't go to sleep until you can forgive everybody. If we could speak kind words we must cultivate kind feelings. There are too many people who never pray until they have to.



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THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Pain in the Back

Joins or hips, sediment in urine like brick-dust frequent calls or retention, rheumatism.

Kidney Complaint

Diabetes, dropsy, scanty or high colored urine.

Urinary Troubles

Stinging sensations when voiding, distress pressure in the parts, urethral irritation, stricture.

Disordered Liver

Bloat or dark circles under the eyes, tongue coated, constipation, yellowish eyeballs.

At Druggists, 50 cents and \$1.00 size. "Invalid's Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.

DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.



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BACKACHE.

Perhaps you don't know that BACKACHE and LAME BACK come from disorder of the KIDNEYS. We give you two points; ninety per cent. of backache is due to improper working of the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills are sure cure for all Kidney Complaints. This assertion can be backed by strongest testimony.

Fifty cents will prove it to you. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Sole Agents for the United States.

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WILL CURE CATARRH

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Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

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CURBS WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc. Sold by Druggists.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention T.Y. Page.

THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we sit,
One little sandpiper and I.
And fast I utter him by his name,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their foam to him,
The wind whistles round him, and he runs high.
A-up and down the beach we sit—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the golden clouds
Send back and swift across the sky.
Like silent hosts to misty shores
Stand out the white, lit houses high.
Alone, as far as eye can reach
I see the end of our-roofed vessel fly.
A-fast we sit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Utters his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my foolish song,
He starts not at my foolish cry.

Or flash of butterfly's drapery
Or flash of butterfly's drapery
He seems to me but of another world,
He seems to me but of another world.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-morrow?
When the loudest storm breaks furiously?
My drift-wood life will burn so brightly?
To what warm shelter wilt thou fly?

I do not fear for thee, thou little bird,
The time that rushes thus and so;
For we are not so different, I say:
Thou, little sandpiper, and I.

—Celia Thaxter

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEMER

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"You might be tempted some day," she said. "You are beautiful enough, and you have a charm all your own. Remember my words; rather die a hundred deaths than make a miserable marriage. Now come and let us see the house."

We went over that vast mansion together, and the more I saw of Lady Latimer, the more I loved her. When we had gone together some time, I forgot that she was anything but a girl like myself.

We Lovells had always been famous for two things: one was a light-hearted love of laughter, the other was the keenness with which we saw the humorous side of everything. We may have been deficient in some finer qualities, but we certainly made up for it in these. We saw subjects for fun and laughter where other people were solemn as judges. It was this particular quality which made the vicarage the very home of merriment, and which made us popular wherever we went.

When Lady Latimer and I had been together a few hours, she laughed heartily and naturally as I did. We went over the whole house, and its extent, its magnificence, completely astonished me. It was like unraveling a fairy tale; but I saw that this alone would not make any one happy. I remember that in the library there was a very beautiful picture; it was of a young man, quite young, not more than twenty years of age, wearing the picturesque uniform of the Life Guards. A face that attracted and charmed me, for it had the dark, chivalrous beauty of the knights of old—dark, luminous eyes full of fire and courage, dark, level brows that nearly met, a proud, firm mouth, half covered with a dark mustache, such a face as one sees in the pictures of Spanish knights and princes, yet with a gleam of human tenderness in the eyes that arrested you, and made you stand still before it.

"Who is that, Lady Latimer?" I asked. "Is it the portrait of a person living, or—"

But I could not utter the word "dead" in conjunction with that beautiful, noble face.

"Living," she replied. "Now, Audrey, who is that? Try to guess."

I could not for I knew nothing of the Latimers, except that they existed, and I told her so. She was looking at the picture with smiling eyes.

"That is Lionel Fleming," she said. "He is at law and next of kin to Lord Latimer."

I knew as little of the laws of entail as I did of Greek. I looked up at her quite puzzled.

"He is not Lord Latimer's son," I said.

She laughed. "No; he is but very distantly related to him," she answered; but, for all that, when the present Lord Latimer dies, Lionel Fleming will succeed him, and become Baron Latimer, of Lorton's Cray."

"Do you know him well?" I asked. "No. I have only seen him once or twice. He is quartered at Windsor. He will be here in September for the shooting. You seem to admire his face, Audrey."

"I do," was my almost breathless reply. "I have seen nothing so beautiful in my life."

"He is the most popular man in London," she said, "and certainly one of the best matches in England. You can form no idea how he is courted and flattered."

"And spoiled?" I interrupted. "No; not spoiled," she answered. "He is as noble in character as he is beautiful in face."

"A wonder among men," I commented. "He is a wonder," she answered, dreamily, "as men go."

Wherever I went during the remainder of that day I saw that face, the name sounded over in my ears. "Lionel Fleming," I wondered if I should ever see the original. He was coming in September, and doubtless we should be invited to Lorton's Cray. Then I took myself to task for wasting time in thinking of a picture and a name.

CHAPTER IV.

Dinner that evening was a stately, ceremonious affair, unutterably solemn and dull. The earl presided in great state. Everything was of the rarest and best, but dull and cheerless. Lady Latimer's eyes looked at me as though she would say, "Let us make haste and get it over and get away again." I could imagine what

those dinners were like when she was quite alone with the old lord.

She was quite a different Lady Latimer then. It seemed as though all the brightness and the sparkle died out of her. She looked bored by everything. She ate little and drank less. She looked unutterably wearied. Very few words were spoken, and it was a great relief when we withdrew. We went to the drawing-room, where the lamps were lighted, but not turned on full.

"Come, Audrey, to the terrace," she said, "and let us see the May moon shining over the trees and the fountains."

As we stood watching it she suddenly caught my hand, and with a passionate gesture I shall never forget, she cried:

"Oh, Audrey, Audrey! is life worth living after all?"

I was very much puzzled by Lady Latimer. It seemed to me that having so much money, living in such a magnificent house, the fact of being surrounded by every possible luxury under the sun ought to have made her at least content. If she had passed through those magnificent rooms with a smile or a snarl of song on her lips, or the light of a glad content in her eyes, I could have understood. She seemed to have two moods. When she was with the old lord, silence, weariness, with a certain fine scorn of all and everything; when she was with me, of simple, almost child-like merriment. When it was possible for her to escape the stately, gloomy presence of her husband, she did so, and then it was to hurry to me and beg that I would go out with her; and when we were in the woods together she forgot that she was Lady Latimer, and ran after butterflies, gathered wild flowers like any simple country girl. We spent hours in those bonny Lorton woods. They were like fairy-land. The boughs of the trees met overhead, so that the sunlight which fell on the green grass below became filtered, as it were, through the leaves; a beautiful brook ran through the wood, singing, rippling, clear as crystal, so that one could see the pebbles plainly in its bed; blue forget-me-nots grew on its banks, and the green grass was wet with the shining water. The trees in Lorton woods were strong and tall, with great spreading boughs, and the birds had built nests in them. Surely no other wood or forest ever held so many birds, and surely no other birds ever sung so sweetly as these. Every kind of fern and of wild flower grew there; great sheaves of bluebells, of wild strawberry blossoms, and of the lovely, delicate meadow-sweet. It was a wood full of hidden beauties; we were always finding fresh nooks and corners, each one more beautiful than the other. Lady Latimer loved it. We sat for hours together by the side of the brook, talking on every possible subject except one. We never spoke of herself. I had to go over and over again all the details and routine of our home life. Lady Latimer loved to hear of my father's study and his sermons, and how he visited the sick, and how nervous he was if a baby cried while he was baptizing it; how he cheered the old people, and how kind he was to the young men and maidens of his parish; how he loved the boys, and secretly enjoyed the fun of them. She liked to hear about my mother.

"I should think, Audrey," she said to me one day, "from your description, that your mother must be that wonder of wonders—a perfect woman. She is a saint in church, a help in the study, a manager in the kitchen, a mother in the nursery and a lady in the drawing-room."

"She is all that," I answered laughing, although my eyes were full of tears; that was my mother's portrait to perfection.

Lady Latimer liked best of all to hear about the boys; their adventures, their escapades, their desperate encounters, their daily deadly peril of life and limb, amused her more than anything else. She would talk to me of myself, and what would be my probable fate. I could see nothing before me but a few more quiet years at home, then probably a marriage with a high church curate; but Lady Latimer would laugh and assure me there was something more than that in store for me.

"We shall see what those dark eyes and that dark hair of yours will do for you, Audrey," she would say. For my own part, I could not imagine my nature made, the oldest of nine children and the daughter of a country vicar, beautiful.

During all of those long hours, when life at that vicarage was dissected and laid bare, no word was ever spoken of herself or of Lord Latimer. The longer I remained with them, the greater grew my wonder that she had married him. He was so old, so dull, so gloomy; she so young, so fair, so gay. But no allusion to her marriage ever crossed her lips or mine. I enjoyed my visit. I loved Lady Latimer; everything and every one was pleasant and agreeable to me, and when the time of my visit ended, I returned to the vicarage. I should like to describe that first night of mine at home—how the boys surrounded me, and would insist upon every detail, the most absorbing of which were what I had to eat and to drink. Their eyes opened widely at the history of one of the dinners at Lorton's Cray. Charley, who was always suspected of being a gourmand, cried ecstatically, "I wish I had been there!" The result of our conversation was an anxious inquiry as to whether Lady Latimer meant to invite them, and when I told them that she had even fixed on a day, their delight knew no bounds.

I was not much surprised a few days afterward, to find Lord Latimer in my father's study, and he had come with a request, a petition, a prayer from Lady Latimer. It was that I might go and live with her entirely. She found her-

self lonely, and when she was lonely she was not well. There was a grave consultation between my parents. My mother said how useful I was to her, and how much she should miss my help among the children and in the house. My father said that he had never anticipated any of his daughters leaving home, but the stipend offered, a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, was a large one, and would be a great help with the number of children and the small income. My dear mother argued that I should be able to spare at least one hundred for the use of those at home.

At last it was decided. My father held out the longest; his pride was touched at the thought that one of his daughters should have to leave home. But even that yielded before the thought of the comfort that that additional hundred per annum would give him.

There was dismay and dread among the boys; there was, in fact, a revolution. Why should Audrey, their own sister and special friend, go away from them to live with Lady Latimer? It was not fair, and they decided in their own especial parlance "not to stand it." Their sister belonged to them, and not to Lady Latimer. They wished now that she had never come to Lorton's Cray. They wanted Audrey for themselves. The dear, gentle mother listened in patience. Then she explained to them the great advantages that must be derived from another hundred per annum, and what a nice thing it would be for me to be always well dressed, and meeting people who moved in high society.

"We are high society, mother," said Bob, reproachfully. "There is no one better than you and my father."

My mother kissed him in her quiet, gentle fashion. "It will be best, my dear," she said. And then the boys knew that their plan of action had failed.

There was only one comfort for them: living at Lorton's Cray, forming one of that most august household, I should be able to obtain some indulgences for them, such as an occasional ride or drive; and afterward both Lord and Lady Latimer proved very kind in this respect. They were kind altogether; great hampers of game and fruit went from the hall to the vicarage; great parcels of toys came for the boys, but the privilege of riding was the one they valued most.

So it came about that I was installed at Lorton's Cray as a companion to its mistress, with a salary of one hundred and fifty per annum, and a nice room of my own. I thought myself the most fortunate of girls.

And now I come to the heart of my story. I had left the simple, happy home of my youth. I was in a new world and a new sphere of life. I must add this one remark while speaking of myself: I was just eighteen, but like many eldest daughters of large families, I was much older than my years. I had, it seemed to me, passed through the experience of a lifetime, and I believe most eldest daughters have the same feeling.

From the moment I entered the house until the strange events happened which close my story, Lady Latimer clung to me with wonderful love. She seemed to rely on me, to trust me. She never liked to have me out of her sight. No sister ever cared for another as she did for me.

I remember one bright June morning she was standing on the lawn feeding some tame doves. The sunlight lay on her golden hair, her white dress, and the cluster of roses at her throat; a picture fair as the day itself. There was a dreamy sadness in her exquisite face. She left the pretty birds, and stood looking over the square of fountains. The beautiful silvery spray rose high in the air.

I went up to her. Her eyes were a dreamy, far-off look that I have never seen in any other face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lamp Shades.

An English electrical firm is introducing some striking novelties in electric lamp shades. These shades are made of a specially selected description of natural feathers, dyed in choice tints, and arranged in artistic shapes and combinations of color. Among other beautiful designs of shades for floor and table lamps are the representations of various kinds of flowers, made separately and grouped together on skeleton frames. The result is an entire departure from the hackneyed style of silk and lace shades now in vogue. The general construction of the shades is protected by a patent, and every design is registered. It is a noteworthy fact that the designer of nearly all the patterns is a young woman, who derives an excellent income from her work.

Out of Fracture.

A colored woman presented herself as a candidate for confirmation in the diocese of Florida, and was required to say the creed, the Lord's prayer and the commandments. She got through with the first two very well, as somebody had evidently been coaching her, but when she came to the last she bungled and hesitated, and then remarked in a confidential tone to the clergyman:

"Do 'fao' is, Mr. Turpin, I hasn't been practicin' de Ten commandments lately."—Life.

Working Both Ways.

Truckman—Boss, I'll have to charge you \$2 for hauling these ashes away. It's more'n two miles to the dump, and the 'hories won't let us empty them this side of it. They watch us mighty close.

Same Truckman, two hours later—Cap'n, I'll have to charge you \$2 for this load of ashes. Everybody's puttin' in these cement walks now and has to have fillin', and good ashes is mighty hard to get 'ow, I tell you.—Chicago Tribune.

TWO QUEEN BEES.

The Remarkable Discovery at an Exhibition in Vienna.

A discovery was made and has been demonstrated at the bee exhibition held in connection with the Austrian horticultural and apicultural society in Vienna, which is the talk of the capital and the truth of which is vouched for by hundreds and thousands of visitors, besides being duly attested in writing by thirteen trustworthy and competent witnesses, including members of the aristocracy, scientists and physicians. And this discovery is of a nature to overthrow all other theories about the political constitution of bees which may play such a prominent part in political and scientific literature.

Heretofore it was looked upon as an established fact, which could not be called in question by the most skeptical, that each community of bees was distinguished by its ultramonarchical principles and its loyalty to one queen. The members of the hive would never hear of a pretender, still less of a dumnivator or triumvirate, and any attempt to bring about such a change in their political situation would have brought about a revolution. But the lawful queen herself would not allow things to go to any such extremes. The moment a rival presented herself, she would, speaking figuratively, attack her tooth and nail, and the duel would only end in the death of one or both. "We have changed all that now," the Austrian bees seem to say to their human visitors.

Professor Gatter of Simmering, has exhibited a thriving hive, the members of which are governed conjointly by two queens, and the bees apparently approve the innovation. Nay, what is still more remarkable, the two monarchs get along most satisfactorily and without the slightest friction. Not only are there no signs of rivalry, enmity or attempt at those feminine amenities which are the last resort of cultured females of the other sex's society, but the two queen bees are positively affectionate—so affectionate, indeed, that one might be tempted to suspect that one of the two was a king in disguise, if such a hypothesis were not rendered absolutely untenable by the strongly accentuated physiological characteristics of the queen bee.

One of the greatest authorities on apiculture, Dr. Dzierzon, whose name is favorably known throughout the world in connection with several ingenious inventions for the comfort of bees, sat for hours at a stretch observing the conduct of the two queens. They approached each other from time to time without the slightest antipathy, and on two or three occasions actually caressed each other most tenderly and then separated quietly and peacefully, followed by their devoted suit.

Professor Gatter received the first prize for his sensational exhibit, which is attracting crowds to the bee show, and the members of the horticultural societies of Vienna are proud to think that no such extraordinary spectacle as this was ever witnessed or recorded in the history of bees. The document drawn up, signed and duly attested, will be preserved in one of the museums of Vienna, and copies of it sent to apicultural societies throughout the world.

Sacrifice the First.

He had been working all the winter to get a place in the brass band as a cornet-player, and just as his hopes seemed to be on the verge of fulfillment she met him on his way home from the postoffice, and, linking her hand within his arm, walked on in silence until they reached the popular walk. There she stopped in the long shadows and said: "George, I wish you wouldn't play the cornet in the new band." "Why not?" said he, surprised. "It is a place of honor, and I get a great deal of attention by it, dear."

"Yes, I know," she said coaxingly. "It is nice to have you noticed by every one, and all that, but—"

She paused and hung her curly head a little lower. "But what?" said he sharply. "Blowing the cornet makes—"

"—makes—"

Her voice sank to a pouting whisper. "Makes the lips so stiff and hard!" George had decided not to be the cornet-player in the band.

Slang.

Old usages of modern slang words turn up in unexpected quarters sometimes. Most of us think that the word "jolly" in the sense of very, extremely, is of recent date; but it is a serious theological work of two hundred years ago—John Trapp's Commentary on the Old and New Testament (London, 1656-7) we read: "All was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither." We have heard the same phrase from a schoolboy's mouth applied to a maiden aunt's tea-party.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

ONE DISEASE THAT Baffles THE PHYSICIAN.

The Story of a Woman Who Suffered for Nine Years—How She Was Cured.

(From the Newark, N. J., Evening News.)

Valvular disease of the heart has always been considered incurable. The following interview, therefore, will interest the medical profession since it describes the successful use of a new treatment for this disease. The patient is Mrs. Geo. Archer of Clifton, N. J., and this publication by the News is the first mention made of the case by any newspaper. All physicians consulted pronounced the patient suffering with valvular disease of the heart, and stated that without the slightest relief, Mrs. Archer said: "I could not walk across the floor; neither could I go up stairs without stopping to let the pain in my chest and left arm cease. I felt an awful constriction about my arm and chest as though I were tied with ropes, then there was a terrible noise at my right ear, like the labored breathing of some great animal. I have often turned expecting to see some creature as my side."

"Last July," continued Mrs. Archer, "I was at Springfield, Mass., visiting, and my mother showed me an account in the Springfield Examiner, telling of the wonderful cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My mother urged me to try the pills, and on November 20th I bought a box and began taking them and I have taken them ever since, except for a short interval. The first box did not seem to benefit me, but I persevered, and arranged by the request of my relatives. After beginning on the second box, to my wonder, the noise at my right ear ceased entirely. The left right ear and the distress that I used to feel in my chest and arm gradually disappeared. The blood has returned to my face, lips and ears, which were entirely devoid of color, and I feel well and strong again."

"My son, too, had been troubled with gastritis and I induced him to try the Pink Pills, with great benefit. I feel that everybody ought to know of my wonderful cure, and I beseech that I have found something that has given me this great relief."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of most every ill that flesh is heir to. These pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, all forms of weakness, nervous prostration, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50—free of charge in bulk, or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Concord, N. Y.

A LOST CHILD FOUND.

By a Hindu Adept's Mysterious Powers After Eighteen Years.

They called her "Dixy," she knew no other name. She had been reared a ward by the community in which she lived, having been found one day at the door of a poor family. Her clothes were rich, around her neck was a tiny chain of gold with a little locket in which was a picture of a beautiful woman.

"Dixy" worshipped this picture. She had reached the age of womanhood, and as employed as a servant in the home of a rich man. One day there came to the door of her mistress a circular which told of the wonderful powers of Zeminzar, an occult from India. She would see this man, would she ever know who she was? As she stood at the door of this strange man's office, her heart almost failed her, but at last she sat in the room of the seer with his dreaming eyes looking into the past.

He said, "I and a magnificent home, a mother in anger takes her child from the arms of its nurse, upon this nurse's face is a look of hatred and revenge. Again, it is night, the cruel nurse bends over the cradle of the sleeping child, she lifts it in her arms and is gone. She takes the child away to a distant city, leaves her on the doorstep of a poor man's home. The child grows to womanhood a wail—and you are the child."

No longer could "Dixy" restrain herself. "My parents, where are they? Do they live? Oh, who are they?"

At Charleston, you are their only child and they have long mourned you as dead; their name is Morton; go to them at once, you have a locket and you are the image of your mother, they will know you."

A few days later the following letter was received:

ZEMINZAR, 28 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I am glad to be praised for the power you possess, and through them we are happy in the return of a long-lost daughter; she, with us, will ever pray for Zeminzar.

Mrs. M. MORTON, Charleston, S. C.

This noted seer, Zeminzar, will foretell correctly all personal affairs—Health, Business, Love and Marriage.

Full particulars by mail. Address, ZEMINZAR, No. 28 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Cupid isn't a dealer in second-hand goods.

Would you ride on a railroad that uses no danger signals? That cough is a signal of danger! The safest cure is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

Experience is the only commodity invariably sold on a "no credit" basis.

Going to California?

The Burlington route is the only railway running "personally conducted" excursions via Denver to Colorado Springs, Salt Lake, Ogden, Sacramento, San Francisco, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield and Los Angeles at the lowest rates. Pullman tourist sleeping car through without charge.

Leave Chicago every Wednesday. Write or call on T. A. Grady, excursion manager, 211 Clark street, Chicago.

Mrs. Rufus Allen, of Osego, was frightfully burned. She slipped a gasoline stove over and the fluid exploded burning the clothing from her body.

Babies and Children

thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste. Thin Babies and Weak Children grow strong, plump and healthy by taking it.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes inherited weakness and all the tendencies toward Emaciation or Consumption. Thin, weak babies and growing children and all persons suffering from Loss of Flesh, Weak Lungs, Chronic Coughs, and Wasting Diseases will receive untold benefits from this great nourishment. The formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by the medical world for twenty years. No secret about it.

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